

How Faraday Refused a Pension.
Lord Melbourne once announced to Faraday that it was his pleasing duty to offer him a pension, but, he added, "I suppose all this science is humbug." Faraday at once replied, "If that is your opinion, my lord, I decline the pension," and retired. Melbourne, on meeting some of his colleagues, said: "I have had a strange thing happen. A man has declined a pension." But these gentlemen knew Faraday's position and reputation better than the premier and urged him to rectify the blunder. Faraday was again interviewed, but Melbourne was obliged to retract and apologize before the pension was accepted.

London Snowstorms.
The purifying effect of a snowstorm on city air was shown in London by experiments which demonstrated five times the amount of impurities on week days, when all the factories are active, as on Sundays. It was figured out that nevertheless a single Sunday snowstorm carried to the surface of the county of London 75 tons of dissolved solids, 142 tons of suspended matters, 100 tons of coal, 25 tons of salt and a ton of ammonia.—London Chronicle.

A Sudden Start.
"You used to go to school with Coppers, the new millionaire, didn't you?" "I did. Fact is, I gave him his first start in life."
"How?"
"With a bent pin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PAPER AND CANVAS.

An Anecdote of Turner, the Great Landscape Painter.

In a book entitled "Stories of the English Artists" R. Davies and C. Hunt tell an interesting anecdote of Turner, the great landscape painter. He disliked to part with his pictures and when he sold one invariably wore a look of dejection and oppression. If a friend asked him what was the matter he would sorrowfully explain, "I've lost one of my children this week."

Once a rich Birmingham manufacturer, Gillott by name, introduced himself to the painter and stated that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell" or some such laconic rebuff was the answer. The manufacturer then drew from his pocket a bundle of banknotes, about \$5,000 worth.

"More paper," observed Turner, with grim humor, a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," replied the persistent Gillott, waving his hand at the "Building of Carthage" and its companions.

This tone of cool depreciation seemed to have a happy effect, and finally Gillott departed with some \$5,000 worth of Turner's pictures.

A Strenuous Worker.

"The Reminiscences of Bismarck" contains an account of his courtship. He was a young Prussian officer when he first met Johanna von Puttkamer, but he made application at once to her father for permission to pay his addresses. Aghast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead he wrote giving permission to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck hastened to Reinfeld. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. With the swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs he carried the situation by storm. Galloping up the driveway, he leaped from his horse, ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna, taking no heed of her scandalized parents and catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "probation" or "waiting." The betrothal was necessarily an accepted fact.

Satisfied Each Side.

Nearer seven feet tall than six was the father of the present earl of Enniskillen. He was a magistrate and a mighty fox hunter. He used to come to the "justice room" ready dressed for hunting quite early in the morning, in order to hear cases before he started off to the meet. His practice was to hear the plaintiff and then horse-whip the defendant, abusing him for behaving in such a blackguardly manner. Then he heard the defendant and afterward horsewhipped the plaintiff. It is said that both parties left the court perfectly satisfied, each saying that the other had been horsewhipped by his honor.—London Graphic.

How He Knew.

"My wife took me to the orchestra concert last night, and I think they played Wagner."
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, a big bunch of plaster fell from the ceiling into the middle aisle during the concert, and a man who was sleeping near me woke up and said 'Wagner!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got It Free.

A good old preacher who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this—you were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have got it."

Would Seem Not.

"In these stories of the middle ages we always read about the hero's good right arm."
"Well?"
"Was there never a southpaw knight?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The right word is always a power and communicates its definiteness to our action.—Elliot.

AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

Heroic Self Sacrifice in the Cause of Science.

Surely the darkest side of arctic exploration was never more poignantly exhibited than it is in Lieutenant A. Trolle's account in Travel and Exploration of the death of Mylius Erichsen and Hagen and Bronlund, members of the Danish expedition to northeast Greenland. The indomitable energy of these men, their self sacrifice in the cause of science, are on the highest plane of heroism.

"For thirty days these men walked on with only one sledge and four feeble dogs, covering a distance of 150 miles, or five miles a day. Every morning they must have had only one wish, one craving—the craving for sleep, sleep and rest forever. And yet they crept out of their worn sleeping bags and faced a new day, because they would continue till they reached a place where there was some probability of our finding their bodies and Hagen's fine map sketches."

"Ten miles from the depot, on Lambert Land, Mylius Erichsen and Hagen died. Only Bronlund reached the depot, leaving his dead comrades behind and creeping along on his wounded feet alone in the dim moonlight. When he arrived at the depot he placed Hagen's sketches and his own last report so that the search party could not fail to find them and then, wrapping himself up in his furs, lay down and died."

ESCORTING THE COURT.

Official Pomp and Splendor in Old Colonial Times.

In colonial days York, Me., was the county seat to which the judges and lawyers from New Hampshire and Massachusetts often went, and the court sessions were attended with much official pomp and ceremony. In "Old Colonial Houses in Maine" Emma Huntington Nason quotes from a record left by John Adams, who as a young barrister went to York in 1774 and who made at that time the following entry in his journal:

"When I got to the tavern on the eastern side of the Piscataqua river I found the sheriff of York and six of his deputies, all with gold laced hats, ruffles, swords and very gay clothes and all likely young men who had come out to that place to escort the court into town."

"This gives us a hint of the pomp and splendor affected by the court officials of those days, 'when the judges wore robes of scarlet with large cambric bands and immense wigs and the baristers had gowns and also bands and tie wigs.'"

As the judges approached the shire towns the sheriff met them with an escort and flourish of trumpets. Their arrival was announced by cannon, and the daily summons to the court before bells were introduced was by beating a drum.

ROYAL MAIDS.

When They Wish to Marry They Must Do the Proposing.

When a reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

The late Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties and the distant landscape and then said, "All this may be yours." The queen of Holland on a like occasion simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look out its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of truffles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he had picked for her at various times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.—London Answers.

OLD CADIZ.

Once Richer Than London, Its Chief Business Now Is Salt.

Of Cadiz, De Amicis said, "It is best described by writing the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper."

Under the noonday sun, seen from the lofty Torre de Vigia, the medley of watchtowers in the center of the city, its buildings are dazzling and almost encircled by the blue sea. A long, narrow isthmus like the stem of a pipe leads from San Fernando, on the mainland. Cadiz rests on the bowl of the pipe—yes, a pure white meerschaum without coloring, though 3,000 years old.

Americans may justly regard this now decadent place with compassion, because it grew to greatness by its commerce with the new world—while Spain ruled the Americas—and then fell away into decay on the loss of the western possessions.

It was great before Rome was founded. And as late as 1770 it was wealthier than London. Commerce has ever been its life. Today its chief business is the production of salt for export. This humble staple, evaporated in countless shallow lagoons in wide spreading marshes, still keeps Cadiz in touch with the new world, as most of the salt is shipped to South America.

The natives pronounce Cadiz with "z" silent and "a" very broad—"Ca-di." That has always been its name, with slight variations. Its Phoenician and Tyrian founders called it Gadir, a castle of fastness. The Romans called it Gades. The Arabs had it Kadis.—Detroit News-Tribune.

HER GREETING.

In Spite of the Old Lady's Care She Managed to Blunder.

The daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the old social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no faux pas and as she went downstairs was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't!"

"No, Clara," replied the mother emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said: 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"—Harper's Weekly.

His Little Joke.

It was just two years after their wedding.

"George," she said romantically as she gazed at the fantastic pictures the red coals formed, "do you remember our courting days?"

George laughed teasingly.

"No, my dear. I do not."

She looked up with a hurt expression.

"George, do you mean to sit there and say you do not remember our courting days? Why, I am shocked at your coldness."

"No, dear; I do not remember our courting days because only night watchmen have to do their courting in the daytime. But I do remember our courting nights, and they were delightful, pet."

But she said he was too horrid for anything.—Chicago News.

Delaware's Circular Boundary.

The northern boundary line of Delaware is circular because the charter given to Penn states that Pennsylvania was to be "bounded on the east by the Delaware river from twelve miles distant north of Newcastle town until the three and fortieth degree of north latitude" and that the southern boundary was to be "a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from the town of Newcastle northward and westward until the fortieth degree of north latitude and then by a straight line westward." This makes a circular boundary for northern Delaware unavoidable, and the facts above set forth explain a geographical curiosity that has puzzled many students.

Domestic Economy.

"Nora, was that the coal man I saw making love to you yesterday evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I 'ope, ma'am!"

"Does he love you very much, Nora?"

"'E says 'o does, ma'am."

"Devotedly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you tell him that unless he gives us better weight than he has been doing we shall get our coal elsewhere."—London Illustrated Bits.

Within Her Means.

A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked what it was. The clerk replied, "That is a scent bag." "How cheap?" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Lippincott's.

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